The Motto thus : *Sic ſpectanda fides.*

The ſixt Knight.

King. And what's the ſixt and laſt, the which the Knight himſelfe with ſuch a gracefull courteſie deliuered?

Thai. He ſeemes to be a ſtranger : but his Preſent is
A withered Branch, that's onely greene at top ;
The Motto, *In hac ſpe viuo.*

King. A pretty morrall; from the deiected ſtate wherein hee is, he hopes by you his fortunes yet may flouriſh.

1. *Lord.* He had need meane better then his outward ſhew can any way ſpeake in his iuſt commend : For by his ruſty out-ſide, he appeares to haue practiſed more the Whipſtocke, then the Lance.

2. *Lord.* He well may be a ſtranger, for he comes to an honord triumph ſtrangely furniſht.

3. *Lord.* And on ſet purpoſe let his armour ruſt
Vntill this day, to ſcowre it in the duſt.

King. Opinion's but a foole, that makes vs ſcan
The outward habite, by the inward man.
But ſtay, the Knights are comming,
We will with-draw into the Gallery.

Great ſhoutes, and all cry, The meane Knight.

Enter the King and Knights from Tilting.

King. Knights, to ſay you'r welcome, were ſuperfluous.
I place vpon the volume of your deeds,
As in a Title page, your worth in armes;
Were more then you expect, or more then's fit,
Since euery worth in ſhew commends it ſelfe :
Prepare for mirth, for mirth comes at a feaſt.
You are Princes, and my gueſts.

Thai. But you my Knight and gueſt,
To whom this wreathe of victory I giue,
And crowne you King of this daies happineſſe.

Per. Tis more by fortune (Lady) then by merit.

King. Call it by what you will, the day is yours,
And heere, I hope, is none that enuies it :

In

In framing an Artif
To make ſome goo
And you her labou
For (daughter) ſo y
Martiall the reſt, as
Knights. VVe ar
King. Your preſe
For who hates hon
Marſh. Sir, yon
Per. Some other
1. *Knight.* Conte
That neither in our
Enuie the great, nor
You are right co
King. Sit, ſit, ſit.
By *Ioue* (I wonder)
Theſe Cates reſiſt n
Thai. By *Iuno* (th
All Viands that I ea
Wiſhing him my m
King. Hee's but a
Then other Knights
Or ſo ; let it paſſe.
Thai. To me he ſ
Per. Yon King's t
VVhich tels me in t
And Princes ſat like
And he the Sunne, fe
None that beheld hi
Did vaile their Cro
VVhere now his ſo
The which hath fire
VVhereby I ſee that
For hee's their Pare
And giues them wh
King. VVhat, are
Knights. VVho ca

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